

The Second Part to the same Tune.

Or, *The Letanie continued.*

Which may be sung or said, Morning or Evening, before or after Supper.

From a painted Ladie with black patches,
From *Parliament-men*, and their lame dispatches,
From midnight-hunting in another mans Berry,
From going over to *Calis* in a Wherry,
And from the Black Rod where seven Nobles be,
Vertue and goodnesse still deliver me.
From a proud Woodcock, and a peevish wife,
From a pointlesse Needle, and a broken knife,
From lying along in a *Ladies Lapp*,
Like a great Fool that longs for Papp,
And from the fruit of the Three-cornerd Tree,
Vertue and goodnesse still deliver me.
From all Capon-eating holy Coblers,
From illuminated mysticall Con-joblers,
From *Presbyters*, and *Independent* Traytors,
And all such Creatures called *Agitators*,
From these, the Devil, and worse, if worse may be,
Vertue and goodnesse still deliver me.
From a conspiracy of wicked Knaves;
A knot of Villains, and a crew of Slaves,
From laying Plots for to abuse a Friend,
From working humors to a wicked end:
And from the place where Wolves and Foxes be,
Vertue and goodnesse still deliver me.
From *Raviliacs*, *Catalines*, and *Fayces*,
From factious brothers sniveling voyces,
From an *Isleion* or a *Crumwell*,
Such blessed Saints that love a Bum-well,
And from all Subjects that would Soveraignes be,
Vertue and goodnesse still deliver me.
From rusty Bacon and ill roasted Eeles,
From a madding wit that runs o' wheels,
From a vapring humour and a beetle head,
A smoaky chimney and a lowzie bed,
A blow upon the elbow and the knee,
From each of these goodnesse deliver me.
From setting Vertue at too lowe a price,
From loosing too much coyne at Cards and Dice,
From Sureriship, and an emptie purse,
From any thing that may be tearmed worse:
From all such ill wherein no good can be,
Vertue and goodnesse still deliver me.
From Cockoldry, and a Coward City,
From Harpyes claws, and from a Committee;
From Sarans Imps, all Sequestrators,
Flesh-eating Canibals, State Regraters:
From all such Theeves and Rogues my prayer shall be,
Vertue and goodnesse still deliver me.
From *Morbus Gallicus*, and *Spanish Figs*,
From a *welch* Hubbub, and from *Scottish Jigs*,
From wandring Preachers before they be sent,
And from a seven-yeers Parliament,
That never was, nor is, nor good will be,
From each of these Vertue deliver me.

From senior sympleton the good Lord Gray,
From that State-Fox politick the Lord Say,
Whose Nose like a Pick-ax beats down our Churches,
From *Nash*: his Sons fierce sieges, and false lurches,
From making use of such as these men be,
Vertue and goodnesse still deliver me.
From *Philip* the fool, that swore he'd be *Independent*,
From *Piercy* the puppy, or Protector transcendent:
From the Lord *Wharton* that valiant Moppet,
Tom Thum in an Oven, and he in a Saw-pit.
From such as Apes, and Owls, and Ases be,
Vertue and goodnesse still deliver me.
From *Billy Brereton* that Martial tool,
That looks as sitting upon a close stool,
From Collonel *Marijn* that peticoat-diver,
And a chip o' th' same block, old *Herefords* Weaver:
From Sir *John Potts* I'll pray, yes verily,
Vertue and goodnesse still deliver me.
From the highly promoted Mr. *Pury*,
Of a poore Weaver to be a State-Fury,
From *Marshall*, and *Burges*, those *Geneva* Bulls,
From *Candry*, and *Calamy* such spirittall Guls,
From all such holy Weathercocks as they be,
Vertue and goodnesse still deliver me.

A Hymne to be sung after Supper.

From all such as purses cut,
From a filthy dirtie slut,
From another Civill War,
From Creatures that Committees are,
From a base high-minded Clown,
From driving Soveraignes from their owne
From men with Treason tainted,
From women which are painted,
From all far fetcht new fangles,
From him that ever wrangles,
From rotten cheese, and addle eggs,
From broken shins, and gouty leggs,
From Bugbears, and broken glasses,
From *Romes* Pardons, Bulls and Masses,
From the breath that blows behinde,
From a holy brothets long winde,
From private gain by publick losse,
From coming home by weeping-crosse,
From pulling down His Royall Grace,
And setting Peasants in his place:
From all these, I say agen,
Goodnesse deliver me. Amen.

FINIS.